

COMMENCEMENT



EDITION

THE ULATIS



MAY, 1909

To Miss Irene Pitcher

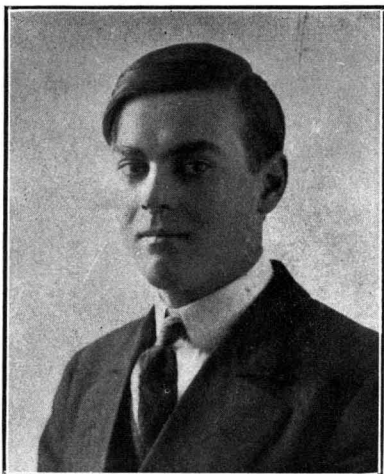
Who has taken a kind interest in our class through-
out its high school course, this issue is
respectfully dedicated by

The Class of 1909.

THE CLASS OF 1909

CLASS OFFICERS

ROLAND E. HARTLEY, JR.,	-	-	-	PRESIDENT
BELLE HAGERTY	-	-	-	VICE PRESIDENT
LEONARD W. BUCK	-	-	-	SECRETARY
ERMA MONTGOMERY	-	-	-	TREASURER



LEONARD W. BUCK.

Record—Secretary of Class '09; Business Manager of ULATIS; Track team, '09; Captain of Basketball team, '09.

Nickname—Buckie.

Self Estimate—A hard student.

Most Prominent Characteristic—His beard.

Aim in Life—To be an M. D.

Chief Occupation—Being humorous.

Red-letter Day—When he guessed the right answer in history.

As the Poet has said—"Beard was never the true standard of brains."

MAE FARRELL.

Self Estimate—Too noisy.

Most Prominent Characteristic—Quietness.

Aim in Life—To be more quiet.

Chief Occupation—Being quiet.

Red-letter Day—When she didn't have to speak all day.

As the Poet has said—"A pure ethereal calm."

BELLE HAGERTY.

Record—Vice President of Class, '09; Basketball team, '08-'09.

Self Estimate—An authority on history.

Most Prominent Characteristic—Condescension.

Aim in Life—To show you where you are wrong.

Chief Occupation—Running the Senior history class.

Red-letter Day—When, on the Sacramento trip, she wore her hair up.

As the Poet has said—"That which history can give us best is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts."



ROLAND E. HARTLEY, JR.

Record—President of Class, '09; Editor of ULATIS, '09; Track team, '07-'08-'09; Baseball team, '07-'08.

Nickname—Cap.

Self Estimate—A ladies' man.

Most Prominent Characteristic—Fatherly manner.

Aim in Life—To make his name world famous.

Chief Occupation—Directing the ULATIS.

Red-letter Day—When he learned to tell the twins apart.

As the Poet has said—"How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away."

LAURENS KILLINGSWORTH.

Record—Track team, '08-'09; Captain, '09; Baseball team, '06-'07-'08; Basketball team, '09.

Nickname—Fat or Happy.

Self Estimate—A very much abused person.

Most Prominent Characteristic—Faithfulness.

Aim in Life—To be the champion hurdler of the northeast corner of the county.

Chief Occupation—Getting the track team out.

Red-letter Day—When he got out at 3:15.

As the Poet has said—"Shakes from his little throat such floods of delirious music."

ERMA MONTGOMERY.

Record—Treasurer of Class, '09.

Nickname—Montie.

Self Estimate—Very proper.

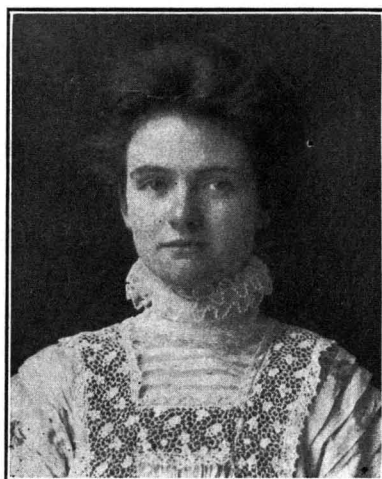
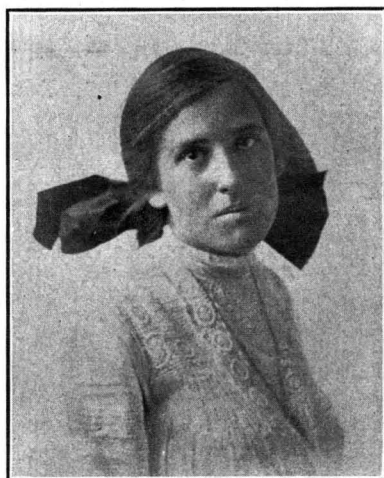
Most Prominent Characteristic—Severity.

Aim in Life—Undiscoverable.

Chief Occupation—Reminding class-mates to bring their purses.

Red-letter Day—When Charlie brought his class dues.

As the Poet has said—"Get money, still get money, boys!"



CHARLES ROGERS.

Record—Track team, '06, '09; Baseball team, '06, '08; Basketball team, '09.
 Nickname—Codgers.
 Self Estimate—A bold, bad man.
 Most Prominent Characteristic—Fickleness.
 Aim in Life—To establish a kindergarten.
 Chief Occupation—Queening.
 Red-letter Day—When he met all the Sophomore girls together.
 As the Poet has said—"New loves are sweet as those that went before."

ESTHER SHARPE.

Record—Basketball team, '08-'09.
 Nickname—Gwendolyn.
 Self Estimate—A cynic.
 Most Prominent Characteristic—Sleepiness.
 Aim in Life—To acquire a collection of 1279 knives.
 Chief Occupation—Discussing matters with Miss Moise.
 Red-letter Day—When she caught up in typewriting.
 As the Poet has said—"God gives sleep to the bad, in order that the good may be undisturbed."

LORAIN WATSON.

Nickname—Rain.
 Self Estimate—Cute.
 Most Prominent Characteristic—Conversation.
 Aim in Life—To discover lingual perpetual motion.
 Chief Occupation—Trying to grow tall.
 Red-letter Day—When her singing lesson was so long she missed Physics.
 As the Poet has said—"Then we talked—oh, how we talked!"

Salutatory.

LEONARD W. BUCK.

The duty of the Salutorian is generally to welcome the friends and relatives of the graduates, who have assembled to see them receive their diplomas. As it has been decided to have no graduating exercises other than class day, this duty of expressing our welcome is denied me and I have chosen a theme which although not used as often as such subjects as "Earnest Endeavor," or "Grasping Opportunity," is nevertheless one well worthy of being brought before the public. This is "Helping Others." From the works on the first named subject we learn that the man who merely works as much as is absolutely necessary remains in about the same position as that from which he started; that he who shirks his work rapidly falls behind and that he who is willing to spend a little more time on his work, to do a little more than is necessary, will forge ahead. These rules, for such they really are, are applicable to men in all walks of life and as they vitally affect every one they are often brought before the eyes of all men. There is also another rule which for the same reason should be brought before all men; but because the successful result is often slower in coming, it is as often attributed to the fore-named rule when it does come; the following rule being overlooked:

"The man who will go a little out of his way to help others will be successful, provided only that he does not allow his own business to be injured greatly in so doing."

No man should destroy his own chances in helping strangers to better theirs. This is a practical world and any person who spent all his time helping others and none winning his own bread would have no place in it. What would we think of a boy who spent all his school time in helping others get their lessons and never got his own? We would have very little use for him.

No man should, however, think only of his own affairs. He should think of them first, but after spending the proper time on them, he should look around and see what others are doing. One of the necessary universal traits of human character is self-interest. By this, I mean not as we see it in the man whose self-interest has outgrown all his other characteristics and increased to selfishness, but as it is expressed in the proverb, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Society has rightly put bans upon overgrown selfishness and every one is required to respect the rights of others. That is what our laws are for. Some there are who do just as much with regard to others as these laws force them to and no more. All else they do with an eye to how much it will benefit themselves. There are other people who will go out of their way to help others and these are the ones who according to the last rule will be successful. They will be successful in the fact that they make friends who will be true friends.

They will be successful in that they will attract attention, and with attention once attracted in the right manner, as this is, ability will have full scope and they will rise according to their worth. And they will be successful in that they will never want for help themselves when they are in need.

When we read of such a little action as that of one boy helping another with a proposition in geometry we think it a very easy thing to do and that any boy who would not do that much for another is worth very little consideration. But in doing this a certain amount of time and patience is required and unhappily too few people are willing to expend such time and patience. It is always easier to advise helping others, or to read such advice, than it is to carry it out.

In giving help there should always be a careful selection of the method of giving and the amount given, for help given where it is not needed or much help given where a little is needed is worse than no help at all. For instance, the boy who gets another to work a problem for him when he could work it himself or with a little help could learn to work it, is not benefited, although both boys concerned may think he is. He will on the contrary be hindered, for the next time he has such a problem to work he not only will know no more about it than he did the first time, but the second problem will undoubtedly be harder than the first.

The people of Vacaville have been always ready to help us. They have paid school taxes in order that we might have a higher education than that provided in the grammar schools. And if you doubt whether they have been willing to help us more than was absolutely required by the law (although they were part of the makers of this law) I would point to this magazine which was financed by means of advertisements which, as all those who gave them to us were aware, were really subscriptions. And in all such cases which have arisen since I have attended high school I have known not one instance where these same people have not been willing to put themselves out to help us in whatever we attempted.

For all this help we are very grateful, and the last words which I shall be called upon to speak in behalf of the class of 1909 will be words of thanks to the people of Vacaville who have so well provided for our intellectual and moral development.



Class History.

ESTHER SHARPE, HISTORIAN.

History generally comes into its own a long time after the event that made it has occurred. Even the prophets were not respected or revered in their own time, so perhaps this universal fact may account for the apparent insignificance of our glorious class.

On August 7th, in the year 1905, we entered the stately portals of the Vacaville Union High School, a mighty throng. No one will dispute the theory of the "Survival of the Fittest." We were many! We are nine. You may draw your own conclusions.

During the course of our Freshman year we came to an active realization of the scheme of things and selected our class officers. In the Sophomore year the idea of our own adequacy had increased to such an extent that we considered all restraint to authority in the shape of class officers, teachers and study superfluous.

In the Junior year a Basket Ball team was organized in which some of the girls took active part. The team, however, met with but partial success. Meanwhile the boys of the class won great renown on the track, Roland Hartley especially distinguishing himself in the dashes, thereby carrying off several medals in meets with other schools.

It was in this year that two of the boys were seized with the fever of unrest and wandered away from Vacaville High School to take up their studies at M. T. M. A., but after a year there the ties that bound them to the class of '09 and Vacaville High School proved strong enough to bring them back.

When we organized for our last and Senior year, Roland Hartley became President; Belle Hagerty, Vice President; Leonard Buck, Secretary; Erma Montgomery, Treasurer. It was during this year that we selected our class pin. This past term has proved a busy one for us. During the early part of March we went to Sacramento to spend three days attending sessions of the legislature and had a pleasant and profitable time. We are sure our class paper will prove a great success judging from the school paper edited by Roland Hartley and published last December.

At last we are mighty Seniors, and although there are not many of our original class remaining, still we have tried to distinguish ourselves in different ways and a majority of us have prepared to enter the University.

We now realize that we are about to begin a new and broader life, and although we look forward with eager anticipation to making a brilliant career for ourselves we can not but look back with regret upon the four happy years spent at V. H. S., to which we now say, "Adios."

Class Prophecy.

L. W. BUCK, PROPHET.

I have always been noted for my great ability as a seer. Any of my classmates who took senior history with me will tell you of the marvelous trances into which I would at times pass in the recitations of that class (especially if I did not happen to know my lesson). It was therefore with a feeling of being highly honored, but not one of very great surprise, that I received a delegation sent me by this august body to ask me to look into the future for them. Accordingly I went (in a trance of course) to the year 1919, copied the following selections from my diary for that year and returned to the present day (or rather yesterday) with the copy. This copy reads as follows:

San Francisco, California, June 7, 1919.

Today is the first day, since entering Dr. White's office as his assistant on the first, that I have had a case to attend. A very urgent call came in this morning about 5 A. M. from the St. Patricks Orphan Kindergarten, and as Dr. White was sleepy I went in his stead. I am very glad that I did for who should be in charge of the kindergarten but my old friend Charlie, whom I had not seen for nearly six years. He told me that after he had had several unfortunate love affairs he had decided not to marry but to take care of some one else's children; so he founded the St. Patricks Orphan Kindergarten.

Well, we soon got the sick child fixed up and then Charlie and I went out to breakfast at his boarding house just across the street. This boarding house is kept by Miss Esther Sharpe. She is a good cook and I intend to eat there again. Her cooking seems to agree with her for she is growing stout, I may almost say fat. In a glass case at the end of the room she has a fine collection of about three thousand pocket knives which she has saved as souvenirs.

After breakfast Charlie and I sat and talked for a while till the postman came. He brought Charlie a letter from Erma. Charlie tells me that she married shortly after leaving high school and is now living in Elmira with her husband and her nine children.

After Charlie had finished looking over his mail we strolled down toward Market street. As we were walking slowly along, chatting over old times, I almost bumped into a smartly dressed woman carrying a pet poodle and attended by several maids.

"There she is," sang out Charlie. "See her! Look quick!"

"Where?" I asked, looking in every direction but the right one. "Who? What?"

"Why," he replied, "that woman you almost bumped into was Miss Belle

Hagerty, the eminent young actress now starring at the Columbia in 'Oofy Goofy'."

"Well, well," said I. "So that is our little class poetess. I really never thought of seeing her today."

Soon Charlie had to leave me and I turned up Post street. As I neared Grant Avenue I saw a large crowd assembled, so I hastened on to see what the trouble was. When I arrived on the scene of action I found that the crowd was listening to the elevating discourse of a woman suffragist. I stopped to hear what she had to say and I was almost positive that somewhere I had been acquainted with the speaker, though where I could not tell. The more she talked the surer I became that I had at some time known her. Then suddenly I recalled her. Just the other day I had been reading about her great achievements as a temperance reformer and suffrage agitator. Yes, this was Mae Farrell, a V. H. S. classmate of mine.

November 6, 1919.

While reading my newspaper this morning I came across this head line:

L. KILLINGSWORTH ELECTED.

Wondering if it could be old Fat Killie, I read the article, which was as follows:

"Vacaville, Solano County.

"We are pleased to state that Mr. Laurens Killingsworth, a resident of this town, was yesterday elected to a high office in this county. Mr. Killingsworth entered politics some time ago by an unsuccessful attempt to exterminate the saloons in Elmira. After this he took up the tariff question. The present election was a very close one, Mr. Killingsworth receiving five votes and his opponent four. We feel that Mr. Killingsworth will ably fill the high position of Second Assistant Road Construction Boss of the northeast corner of Solano County, to which he has just been elected, with great satisfaction to all."

December 20, 1919.

Today I met my old friend Roland on the Berkeley ferry and we had a nice talk together. He said he was in town for the holidays as his school had two weeks' vacation. I asked him if he was still at Stanford studying law and he replied:

"No, I gave up my idea of becoming a lawyer long ago. I studied for a teacher's certificate, which I received last year, and now I have a fine position up at Vacaville teaching the first grade at Lagoon school house."

I then asked him if he ever fully recovered from the effects of the bad ankle which he received just before he graduated.

"Oh, my, yes," was his reply. "Although I did have a great deal of trouble with it for a while, I finally cured it for good and all by repeated applications of Solano Soda."

After we had talked some time longer I asked him where Loraine was and what she was doing.

"Loraine," he replied, "was, as you know, so fond of the study of the natural sciences that after her graduation she continued her study of Physics. A short time ago Professor Leerkopf, the noted German scientist, happened to

be traveling through this country. While in California he heard of the wonderful scientific knowledge which Miss Watson had acquired. He visited Vacaville and offered her a fine position in his experimental laboratory in Nimmerdenkenburg. She is there, engaged in trying to solve the perplexing problem of Lingual Perpetual Motion."

Just then the boat entered the slip and Roland and I took leave of each other.

In conclusion I would say that I am exceedingly happy to be able to see such bright futures for the members of this class, and in 1919, when these things do take place, remember "I told you so."

Class Poem.

BELLE HAGERTY, POETESS.

Parents and Teachers, Schoolmates and Friends,
Today our class its High School labor ends;
So gladden their hearts with flowers,
Deck them with garlands, this class of ours;
Studying so silent by night and by day,
Working these four happy years away.
Give them the meed they have won in the past,
Give them the honors their futures forecast;
Crown in your hearts this class of ours,
And gladden their eyes with beautiful flowers.

Faces decked with the bright smile of the gay,
Faces now marked with triumphant sway;
Eyes, that look friendship and love to your own,
Lips, that thoughts of knowledge made known;
Feet, that have trodden the flowery ways,
Close by your own these long happy days;
Swiftly they rushed to the help of the right,
Firmly they stood the shock of the fight.
Rough were some paths of those school days of ours,
Now cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Cheer these hearts, that have beaten so high,
Beaten with hopes not destined to die;
Hearts, that have burned in the heat of the fray,

THE ULATIS

Hearts, that have yearned for honors far away;
Praise in your thoughts this class of ours,
And gladden their hearts with beautiful flowers.

So in our minds we'll name them once more,
So in our hearts we'll cover them o'er;
Roses and lilies and violets blue
Bloom in our hearts for the good and true;
Honor Class '09—these graduates of ours,
And adorn them with May's loveliest flowers;
Four long years have rolled quickly away,
E'en to the dawn of this graduation day;
How swiftly the months and days flew by,
With some somber-winged, some golden hours,
Then the day for which all days were made,
And the perfume of graduation flowers,
When Class '09 its last judgment awaits;
So crown in your thoughts this class of ours,
And gladden their hearts with beautiful flowers.

Today the world swings open its gates,
And our class marches victorious through,
Past faithful teachers for final review;
Then to those who labor for the right,
Reward shall be given untarnished and bright;
Then the glad ears of each listening one,
Proudly shall hear the good tidings, "Well done."
Blessings for garlands today we will send,
Teachers and schoolmates, parents and friends;
The world will reward this class of ours,
And gladden their lives with beautiful flowers.

Class Will.

I, THE CLASS OF 1909 OF THE V. H. S., City of Vacaville, County of Solano, and State of California, being about to go to pieces after having withstood for four years the attacks of the faculty of the V. U. H. S., do hereby make my last will and testament as follows:

FIRST—I do hereby give and bequeath unto the faculty and remaining pupils my regards and best wishes.

SECOND—I give and bequeath unto the Boys' Athletic Association the track and locker room for their special use.

THIRD—I give and bequeath unto the girls' basket ball team, as in future shall be chosen by Miss Pitcher, the basket ball and court with full privilege to loan the same to the boys.

FOURTH—I give and bequeath unto the boys of 1910 the sole privilege of studying alone in the physics laboratory.

FIFTH—I give and bequeath unto Evah Vest the Senior mantle in reward for high scholastic standing.

SIXTH—I give and bequeath unto Jake, the human stepladder, the sole right to act as caddie for the girls' basket ball team.

SEVENTH—I give and bequeath unto my young friend, Mr. Nate Holt, Jr., an extra thousand pounds of hot air to be expended at will.

LASTLY—I do hereby nominate and appoint Mr. Thomas M. Sisk of said school the executor of this, my last will and testament, and hereby revoke all former wills.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have set my hand and seal this twenty-eighth day of May, A. D. One Thousand Nine Hundred and Nine.

CLASS OF 1909.

{ SEAL }

Signed, sealed, and published and declared by the Class of 1909 as and for their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in their presence and at their request and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set our hands as witnesses, the day and year last above mentioned.

MR. T. J. PENFIELD, Vacaville }
MISS I. PITCHER, Vacaville } Witnesses.

Drawn up by Charles H. Rogers, Class Attorney.

Valedictory.

ROLAND E. HARTLEY, JR., '09.

Owing to the small size of the class and the consequent difficulty of arranging two programs for two different occasions, the Class of '09 has decided not to have Commencement Exercises, but rather to devote all its endeavors to Class Day. It was further decided to print the Salutatory and Valedictory in the class number of the school paper. Now that the time for writing the Valedictory is at hand, the valedictorian is confronted by an unforeseen difficulty. The Valedictory is properly a farewell address, delivered on the occasion of Commencement. Ostensibly, a Valedictory written for publication must differ greatly from a Valedictory prepared as an address. In the former case, the usual form must be set aside. Thus the valedictorian is obliged to choose a form of treatment adapted to the use it is intended for and yet not so widely divergent from the usual form as to shatter too violently the traditions of long standing.

The valedictorian usually takes the class motto as a text, enlarging on its various phases and suggestive lines of thought. The Class of '09 has not adopted a motto. However, I can safely assume the significance of any motto that we might have adopted. Class mottoes, however variously expressed—whether in Latin, Greek, or our own forceful English—with very few exceptions, have the same basic significance, the same trend of thought. Such mottoes bring before the mind the suggestion of a lofty goal, attained gradually by patient and earnest labor, by courage in temporary failure and faith in ultimate success. They suggest to the mind the endeavors and disappointments, the repeated efforts and accomplishments of the high school life of the class. They represent graduation as a goal long striven for and finally proudly attained. All of this it surely is—and more; and here is where these class mottoes miss the true significance of graduation from high school. They look back rather than forward; they view the past rather than the future. It is true that they suggest thoughts as noble for life after graduation as for school days before; but the primary meaning of graduation they miss.

The true import of Commencement, as is made apparent in the very name, is not to be found in the fact that it marks the limit of a completed era in life, but rather in the fact that it marks the boundary of a new era about to be entered upon. The name given to the graduation exercises of a high school, together with the form, comes from the colleges and universities after which the lower schools are largely modelled. On first thought, one would willingly grant that the term "commencement" is more applicable to graduation from college than to graduation from high school. But, in reality, is not the completion of the high school course a larger, more important milestone on the

road of life? Does it not mark the assumption of larger responsibilities than the completion of the college course?

In the first place, only a very small minority of high school graduates ever attend college. For those who do not, graduation from high school means the entering upon the sterner duties of life. As to the minority, their very decision to spend four more valuable years in further preparation for their life work means a shouldering of responsibilities. A high school graduate will turn over and compare in his mind the two plans of procedure. One will decide that the four years following graduation are too important to be spent in study; they should be spent in "getting a start." Another will decide that four years more of preparation will further his chances for success. However it is decided, in considering the matter, the high school graduate is compelled to look the world squarely in the face, to see it as it is, and to realize his part in it, his duties toward it. The college graduate is forced to no such decisions; his course is already planned out.

In fact, there is a greater step from high school to college than from college to the world of work. For the universities, as they now are, with their highly specialized courses, their student control, their organizations and their social life, are miniature worlds. Successful existence in them demands the same of the student as successful existence in the greater world outside demands of the citizen. In short, then, graduation from high school means the acceptance of the responsibilities of life—it means the passage from childhood to manhood or womanhood. This, surely, is the true Commencement!

We who are graduating today, together with those who have graduated within the last few years and those who will graduate in the next few years—we young folks have a greater responsibility to bear than our fathers. During the prime of our lives will be fought a great battle in this country—the battle between good citizenship and governmental corruption. The outcome is not at all doubtful. Many political scientists tell us we are now as Rome was before the fall of the Republic; and they remind us that "history repeats itself." But we have no fear. We, in whose veins flows the blood of the heroes who fought with Washington to win our republic and the blood of the heroes who fought with Lincoln to save it—we can not stand silently to see that republic fall with the weight of its inward corruption.

This corruption gained its strength through the lack of interest of citizens in affairs of government. This interest is now being stimulated; even now the conflict has begun; the first skirmishes are being fought. Upon the younger generation will fall the brunt of the final struggle. Our nation is not destined to fall, but the strife will be bitter. Upon the side of the right must be arrayed every young man and every young woman. This is the primary duty we now enter upon, the first duty we owe to the nation that has given us life, the education to make that life valuable, and the field in which to employ that education. Upon our fulfillment of this duty depends the speed and safety with which our country is rid of the present corrupting influences.

Our graduation day, then, marks the assumption of new and great responsibilities for the future. It also marks the breaking of many bonds of the past. And here is where the regret comes. We are eager enough to meet the world

and feel the thrill of combat with its forces. But we leave behind our old associations and friendships with honest sorrow. Nowhere can we see more clearly than here the truth of the statement that anticipation always exceeds realization. For four years we have looked forward to this day of graduation. At first it seemed an immeasurable distance away; then later we suddenly realized that it was drawing much nearer; always all our energies were bent on striving for it, reaching it, graduating, graduating! And now—now the day is here and we see the things we overlooked before. We realize that it means the severing of all the associations that have meant so much to us during these years; we realize that it means the disbanding of our class, probably never to come together again. Of course, the friendships will last; the bonds are too strong to be broken by mere considerations of time and place. But the unity of the class, even now as you read this, is a thing of the past.

This separation is one of the inevitable sorrows of progress. We must meet it with the hope that, as we go through life, our meetings with classmates will be frequent, affording us many opportunities to review the trials and triumphs of the Class of 1909.

The Sacramento Trip.

A REVIEW OF THE PILGRIMAGE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SURVIVORS.

The senior history class was assembled. Not that this was unusual, for during the year the class had acquired the bad habit of assembling five days out of the week. The unusual part of this occasion was that Mr. Penfield appeared to speak to the class. The plan which he wished to consider was a trip for the history class to Sacramento under the protecting guidance of Miss Maude Sarah Cope, teacher of History. The purposes of the trip were two: Mr. Penfield's purpose was to have us view the Legislature in action and incidentally hear the roll-call; our purpose was to have our pictures taken and incidentally have a good time. Three conditions only were attached to this outing: first, we must spend a whole day, from nine to three, at the Legislature; second, we must "keep in touch with the chaperone;" last, and most important of all, we must each purchase a small pink card from the station agent in Vacaville and deliver same to the conductor on the way to Sacramento.

The next morning the following members of the class got up before breakfast and met at the depot just previous to the train's departure: Miss Cope, Belle Hagerty, Erma Montgomery, Esther Sharpe, Rosalia Chandler, Leonard Buck and Roland Hartley. During the wait at Elmira, certain of the girls and a large majority of the boys enjoyed thrilling rides around the station on two-wheeled baggage trucks. The wind, however, was very high—about knee high—and soon the aforementioned congregation of four adjourned to the parlor of the Elmira hotel. The dinner-bell, which stood in the corner, so grated on

their nerves that they had the hotel people sign an unwritten pledge never to ring it again. When they left, the parlor was in ruins; not through any fault of theirs, 'tis true, but due entirely to the wind which entered as they left.

Finally the train arrived. On the way up an exciting game of Old Maid was played and Roland succeeded in winning all the tickets, but just then the conductor meandered by and appropriated them for his own use.

When the gay and sportive city of Sacramento was reached, the party had a lively discussion as to which hotel to honor with its presence. We finally came to a decision—also to a hotel; and at once made ourselves at home. Immediately after lunch the whole party attended to the serious business of having their pictures taken. After that we enjoyed (?) a vaudeville performance, then returned to the hotel, where Roland kindly showed us how to get in.

After dinner, Belle and Roland danced the barn dance up and down the hall. Leonard thought he would attempt it, but just as he took the third step a door opened somewhere and our fair hostess slid out into the hall, reminding us that we were in Sacramento and that it was almost eight o'clock. We retired in sorrow at having disturbed the slumbers of the natives. The crowd then went to see "Red Mill" and Miss Cope voices the common opinion when "she says" it was "marvelOUS."

The next day the company dutifully went to the Capitol about nine o'clock. We entered the gallery of the Assembly, which was still wrapped in the silence of the tomb, and sat down to wait. At length a fresh page created a diversion by taking a seat where he could see the gallery and trying to flirt with the dear girls. Oh, tush! Finally the Assemblymen began to drift in and take their seats in postures befitting men of such importance. Then the agony began. The roll was called, the title of a bill was read, the roll was called, the title of another bill was read, the roll was called. This continued for two-hours and then all the boys of the party got together and decided they couldn't stand it any longer. So they adjourned to the Senate, only to hear their roll being called. But even this was an improvement, for, as Roland so naively expressed it, these men at least had new names. Just before noon the agony was ended; one of the representatives woke up sufficiently to hear the title of the bill he was voting on, and was startled into getting on his feet and saying something about it; this started a debate as to whether he had any right to say anything about the bill. The rest of the morning was enjoyable, our only regret being, as it was coyly expressed by Belle, that each of us couldn't divide up and be in both houses at once.

The afternoon until train time was spent at the Legislature. The company arrived at the depot just 2.001 minutes before train time, only to learn that there had been a wreck on the road and our train would not leave for a few hours. So we sauntered around and cornered the visible supply of ice-cream. On returning to the depot later we found that our train would not leave till next day. Our sorrow was a terrible thing to behold. In deep despair, the party returned to the hotel; that is, all but Leonard and Roland; these young heroes sought out Leonard's uncle and begged a night's lodging. When asked why, Leonard feelingly remarked: "We were on pleasure bent; we bent too far and now we're broke."

After consultations, computations, and examinations of purses, the crowd decided it was possible to go to the theater again. So we saw and enjoyed "Strongheart." During the performance Miss Cope and one of the boys left the theater and were gone about half an hour. Oh, yes, the boy was her brother, who was with us that evening! They went out to telephone to Mr. Penfield that we were all well and happy and were thinking seriously of returning the next afternoon.

The following morning was spent at the Capitol. After lunch the company walked the streets in a manner showing great practice. This time our train was ready for us and finally pulled out of the depot amidst the shouts of the gathered people of Sacramento, who expressed a desire that they might often have the pleasure of watching us depart from their fair city.

Concerning 'O9.

There was a moment of great excitement at the Stygian Poet's Club. The "Reporter" had arrived and all the shades clambered around to get some news from the world above. Robert Burns sat in his Morris chair trying in vain to read, while the inner circle close about him read out the head lines to those less fortunate ones who could not get within reading distance. Now, as it happened, this was the "Reporter" of May 28, 1909, and so before long Theocritus read out: "Class Day Exercises of Class of '09 to be held at High School this afternoon."

These words called forth an exclamation from Shakespeare. He burst into excited talk and soon had the attention of all the shades.

"I know that High School; I look upon those children as my friends. Some years ago a class presented a bust of me to the school; in the hall there it still stands. The children as they pass by pat me comfortingly on the head or tickle me under the chin. At times, when their interest in me reaches its height, they deck me with their hats and their cloaks, with banners, and with dust-pans. And to make sure that these adornments stay, they fasten them with chewing-gum. Oh! I assure you, I have a warm spot in my heart for those young folks. I am in favor of having a little program in the club here to celebrate the day!"

The novelty of the thing appealed to the shades. Shakespeare was led to the chair, and after silence was secured he began:

"We have with us this afternoon a gentleman whom you all know. I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Thomas Hood."

Mr. Hood walked to the front amidst loud clapping, whistling, and stamping on the floor from the shades, and recited as follows:

I remember, I remember
 A certain school house well,
 And the clock that hung upon the wall—
 The clock that worked the bell.
 It never rang a bit too soon
 At the close of a weary day;
 But how I often wished the night
 Had borne that clock away!

I remember, I remember
 Those marks of blue and red;
 They were the bane of my youthful life
 And brought gray hairs to my head.
 And worst of all were the monthly marks;
 And where my teacher set
 The red Poor - in history:
 That mark is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 The days with lessons rife,
 And thought that life must seem as good
 To a convict up for life.
 My spirit was cased in heavy lead
 That is so care-free now;
 For no longer do Physics and Latin
 Bring wrinkles to my brow.

I remember, I remember
 The Seniors stern and grand;
 I used to look upon them
 As a great and glorious band.
 It was a childish ignorance;
 For, oh, 'twas little joy
 To be a Senior finally and know
 Their trouble and annoy.

During the second stanza Aristophanes had begun to weep loudly, but his intimate friend, Byron, led him from the room gently, and the other shades enjoyed Hood's recitation to the utmost.

Then Shakespeare introduced Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who recited the following beautiful poem:

Between school hours and twilight,
 When the night is beginning to lower,
 Comes a pause in the grind of study
 That is known as athletic hour.

I hear in the little red training-room
 The patter of tiny feet,
 The sound of the door gently banging
 And Fat's voice, soft and sweet.

The familiar old songs of our childhood,
 We hear them all once again;
 But there comes a pause in the singing
 When a shoe strikes the window pane.

To a stranger it might seem alarming
 With baseball bats flying through space;
 But really they're not at all fatal
 If one only guards one's face.

And then comes a step on the threshold
 And a voice that we've so often heard,
 And a peace settles quietly o'er us,
 As we listen to catch each word.

"And there I will keep you forever,"
 The words float in from the door,
 "Until you have learned to don track suits
 Without such uproarious roar!"

And then we glide out in a body,
 Disturbed for the time in our play;
 But we suffer it all in great patience;
 We'll have the same thing next day!

When the applause had subsided, Shakespeare rose. "I have enjoyed these recitations greatly. But I should like to hear something directly concerning that great and glorious class whose graduation we are now celebrating. I will now call upon William Wordsworth, hoping that he will gratify my wishes."

The gentleman thus called upon thought a few moments, then began:

I met a little Senior girl
 Of the class of nineteen-nine;
 Her hair was long, without a curl;
 Her eyes did brightly shine.

She had a wild, athletic air
And she was simply clad
In a suit for basketball; I swear
Its patches made me sad.

"Girls and boys in your class, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Nine in all;" said she,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered: "Nine are we;
But now 'tis after the last bell;
We're scattered thoroughly.

"One of us you'll surely find
Upstairs in the library,
Impressing on our teacher's mind
Our marks in history.

"And one of us, a tiny thing,
Has climbed yon towering hill;
She fain would sing and sing and sing
With many a thrilling trill.

"Another you will surely see
In the garden just below;
To nature a fond devotee,
She's watching flowers grow.

"Excuse me, sir, while I step aside;
I see another classmate dear.
Behind your back I'd like to hide
Till she doth disappear.

"Oh, no! She's a rather gentle lass;
I'm not a bit afraid;
But—she's treasurer of our class
And—my purse I've just mislaid.

"And now for the boys: there goes one, look!
'To Europe?' you ask; oh, no!
He uses that suit-case to carry his book;
'Tis safer carried so.

"And one of the boys sits quiet at home
With his foot set up on a chair;
No more away will he try to roam
When his ankle's not 'all there.'

"There are two of the boys I have not
named;
Poor souls! How harsh their fate!
For they, so innocent, are famed
For staying each night till late.

"They stay not here of their own free will;
But each night when the stars peep out
They see these lads, in the evening's chill,
Going home with mournful pout."

"You run about, my little maid,"
I broke in, with a tear;
"If two are in the class-room stayed,
Then you are seven, I fear!"

"Their thoughts are blue; it is too true,"
The little maid replied;
"But they're twelve steps or more from the
principal's door
And they are side by side.

"And right below the window there
My songs I often sing,
And do my best to ease their care
And offerings I bring.

"I pass in notes of soothing tone
That may console them some;
And at times to them I've thrown
A stick of chewing gum."

"How many are you, then?" said I,
"If two are kept in there?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"We're nine, to that I swear!"

"But those don't count; those two don't
count;

For soon away they'll pine!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will
And said: "Nay, we are nine!"

This offering was received with loud cheers. But by this time the shades were growing restless. So when Vergil arose and signified his intention of reading an ode to the class of '09 in Latin, there ensued a general rush for the doors.

Shakespeare, seeing that all hope for further recitations was past, closed the ceremonies with these impressive words: "With that we will adjourn to our headquarters!" Then he lay back in his chair and went to sleep, muttering something about having forgotten to ask Confucius to sing.



THE ULATIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

ROLAND E. HARTLEY, JR., '09, EDITOR.

DEPARTMENT EDITORS:

OLA FRASER, '08, ALUMNI.

LAURENS KILLINGSWORTH, '09, BOYS' ATHLETICS.

HAZEL DUNCAN, '11, GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

FLORENCE LASSELLE, '10, SCHOOL NOTES.

LORAIN WATSON, '09, EXCHANGES.

CHARLES ROGERS, '09, ART.

LOUISE KRAUSE, '11, JOSHES.

BUSINESS STAFF:

LEONARD BUCK, '09, BUSINESS MANAGER.

CHARLES ROGERS, '09, ASS'T. BUSINESS MANAGER.

The much-talked-of and long-planned-for Commencement Number has finally ceased to be a thing of the fancy and is now a reality. We hope that it will meet the approval of its readers. A commencement number, **The Present** of its very nature, must needs be devoted largely to the class **Number.** whose graduation it records and celebrates. This tends to make the number of more than ordinary interest to the members of the class and their friends; but, on the other hand, it is apt to lessen its interest for the general reader. In reading through this number, then, the natural function of a commencement number should be kept in mind. If it is something that the graduates will always want to keep as a record of their last days in high school and something that their friends will always want to keep as a memento of the graduation, then it is all it should be.



"The much-talked-of school spirit must be something tangible at Vacaville High." These words appeared in the comment on the last issue of the ULATIS in a certain high school paper. When we first read it, thinking of **Our School** how we had had to get down on our knees and beg material for **Spirit.** that issue, we were inclined to laugh. But, after long consideration and observation, we decided the statement was correct. There is evidence in the school of the proper school spirit. The athletic teams, in victory and defeat, have had the encouraging support of a great majority of the students. What finally convinced us, however, was the absence of "knockers." The statement will seem exaggerated but the truth remains that, to the best of our knowledge not a single student "knocked" our last number. Of course, there were adverse criticisms; these we expected and desired. But useless, idle "knocking" was noticeably absent. We consider this the best evidence possible of a proper school spirit.



We wish to suggest that there be more school activities next year. It is our firm belief that debating, literary, or musical organizations could be formed with a splendid chance of ultimate success. In the larger high **School** schools with their numerous organizations, the actual school work **Activities.** is not a more important factor in the general development of the student than participation in the various activities. Naturally, handicapped as we are by our small enrollment, we could not expect to keep up as many or as active clubs as these larger schools. But we CAN and SHOULD have school activities. Without them we have not true high school life.



With this issue the ULATIS passes out of the hands of the present management. As our last official act we wish to thank those who by their interest have stimulated us to our best efforts; those whose contributions have made the journal a success; and finally our advertisers, whose financial aid was necessary to the very existence of the paper.

ALUMNI NOTES



Carl Crystal of '98 was recently married to Miss Edna Merrill Hayes of Maryland.

James Caughy of '05 and Laura Hagerty of '06 were married at Berkeley, April 28th.

Mary and Jane Burton of the class of '06 are students at the San Jose Normal School.

Margaret Waggoner of '08 is taking the nurses' training course at the Claremont Hospital, Oakland.

William Wood of '98 has recently been elected to the office of Superintendent of Schools of Alameda.

John Rugg of '08 is at home in Iowa. He writes that there are no girls for twenty miles around. "Poor John!"

Karl Hendricks, ex-'08, has completed his business course at Heald's in Oakland and now has a position with the Southern Pacific.

Pearl Fraser of '08 passed the teachers' examination very successfully last December and is now teaching school in the Center District.

Fillmore Duncan of '06 left town the early part of May to take a position with the Sibley Construction Company, at Dinuba, near Fresno.

Harvey Syster of '07 spent several months in Oregon and returned to Vacaville recently. He says it rains too much up there and he is very glad to be back in a "dry town."

Alda McBride of '05, who has spent several years in the study of music in San Francisco, has started out on her chosen career as a concert singer. Her initial appearance was in Vacaville on the evening of May 3d, on which occasion she was given a cheering welcome by her many appreciative friends.



I.

As the result of a very interesting lecture on the "Garden City Movement," by Dr. Piexotto of the University of California, the Seniors, under the instruction of Prof. Penfield, have set out gardens in front of the school building and we look for something wonderful in the way of a floral display in the near future.

II.

Lincoln Day was fittingly observed in the High School by the Seniors. Their programme was greatly enjoyed by all present and was as follows:

- | | | | |
|-----|------------------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1. | "Star Spangled Banner" | - - - - - | School |
| 2. | "Early Life of Lincoln" | - - - - - | Nellie Buckley |
| 3. | Violin Solo | - - - - - | Mr. Christy |
| 4. | "Anecdotes of Lincoln" | - - - - - | Esther Sharpe |
| 5. | Instrumental Solo | - - - - - | Erma Montgomery |
| 6. | "Public Life of Lincoln" | - - - - - | Leonard Buck |
| 7. | "Old Black Joe" | - - - - - | Girls' Chorus |
| 8. | "Last Hours of Lincoln" | - - - - - | Belle Hagerty |
| 9. | Vocal Solo | - - - - - | Loraine Watson |
| 10. | "Service to His Country" | - - - - - | Roland Hartley |
| 11. | Whitman's "My Captain" | } - - - - - | Mae Farrell |
| | Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" | | |
| 12. | Violin Solo | - - - - - | Mr. Christy |
| 13. | "America" | - - - - - | School |

III.

During the past year the members of the school have had the pleasure of hearing some very interesting lectures given by men prominent in their different fields of work. Mr. Glass, an eminent temperance worker and Presbyterian of Pasadena, pictured very vividly to us the evils of the use of tobacco and intoxicants. Mr. Follansbee of the Lyceum Circuit talked very entertainingly about the discipline existing in the various High Schools he has visited. One thing we especially enjoyed was the visit of Prof. Frank L. Bristow of Covington, Ky., whose selections, both vocal and instrumental, charmed and delighted us.

IV.

On the 13th of March the school entertained the track teams of Antioch and Benicia Highs at a dance. The hall was fittingly decorated for the occasion in the colors of the three schools. During the evening light refreshments were served and a pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

V.

The danger of the school building being destroyed by fire has been considerably lessened by the addition of the Stemple Fire Extinguishers in the halls of the building.

VI.

About the middle of March the "Mighty Seniors" put aside their duties and betook themselves to Sacramento, where, under the chaperonage of Miss Cope, they added to their knowledge of Civil Government by spending many hours in the Legislature. Rumor says that they not only learned more Civics but also acquired more knowledge of dramatics by attending "Red Mill" and "Strongheart," having ample time to do this as on the day they were to return the train considerably pulled out without them.

VII.

On Thursday and Friday afternoons of Commencement Week there will be an exhibition of a high class of pictures in the halls of the school. The money obtained from this exhibition will be used in buying pictures for the school.

VIII.

The Class Day program is as follows:

President's Address	-	-	-	-	-	Roland E. Hartley, Jr.
Class History	-	-	-	-	-	Esther Sharpe
Instrumental Solo	-	-	-	-	-	Erma Montgomery
Class Will	-	-	-	-	-	Charles Rogers
Class Prophecy	-	-	-	-	-	Leonard Buck
Vocal Solo	-	-	-	-	-	Loraine Watson
Presentation Oration	-	-	-	-	-	Laurens Killingsworth
Mantle Oration	-	-	-	-	-	Mae Farrell
Class Poem	-	-	-	-	-	Belle Hagerty



This is the second number of our paper. We sent copies of the first number to about twenty-five high school journals; about ten of them sent us their papers in exchange. We regret that the other fifteen did not see fit to do so; we can only hope that in time they will condescend to honor us. To those who did send exchanges, who offered friendly criticism and cheered us on with their favorable comment, we wish to express our earnest thanks.

"Dictum Est," Red Bluff—Your paper could be improved by better arrangement; we would suggest keeping the stories together as much as possible and not inserting jokes through the literary section. A few cuts would brighten up the paper wonderfully.

"Green and Gold," Sonora—Your material and arrangement are both good. One thing pleases us particularly: there is no crowding. Unfortunately this could not be said of most school papers.

"Modoc Purple and White," Alturas—We have at hand your issue of June, 1908. The chief fault we notice is in regard to the insertion of advertising pages in the front part of the paper. Advertisements belong in the back and should be kept where they belong. A few cuts would improve the appearance of your paper.

"Ivy Leaves," New York, is our only exchange from outside the state. For that reason alone it would be welcomed. But beyond that its originality and clever choice of headings gives it a peculiar charm. In short, it is "different."

"Tiger," San Francisco, is beyond doubt the best high school journal we have received. The departments are splendidly developed. The whole paper is beyond our criticism.

"Polytechnic," San Francisco—We find a deplorable lack of stories in your Easter number and must also criticise the arrangement; no system seems to have been followed in placing jokes and articles. We wish you speedy success in your efforts to gain a new High School building.

"Porcupine," Santa Rosa—We have your January and February numbers on our table and have enjoyed them greatly. Your josh department is the best we have seen. The department headings are excellent; since you have such an able artist, why not use more cuts? We feel inclined to criticise the size of the pages; they seem to us a little too large. But probably this is merely a matter of personal opinion and should be overlooked in view of the general excellence of the paper.

"Cogswell," San Francisco, is one of the best journals we have received. The Exchange Column of the March number is worthy of great praise; such an exchange list is one to be proud of, indeed.

"Adjutant," San Rafael—We must compliment you on your neat appearance. We would suggest, however, a more careful proof-reading to eliminate a few of the too common typographical errors. Moreover, the interest of your paper is too purely local; the addition of more stories and verse would remedy this defect.

"Review," Sacramento—Your February number is very good. The department headings might be improved upon; with five staff artists you ought to have some fine cuts.

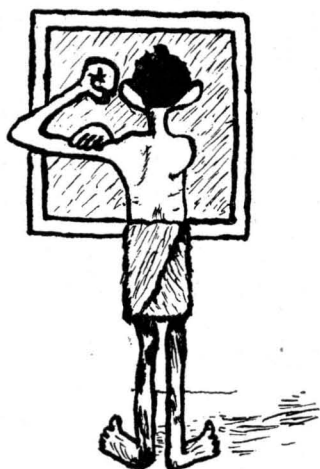
"Ægis," Oakland—We were rather disappointed in your departments. After reading through your excellent literary section, we expected the departments to be better developed than we found them.

"Acorn," Alameda—Your departments are well written up. Couldn't you lengthen out your literary section with a few more stories and verse?

"Armijo Student," Fairfield—We have at hand your January and April issues and are looking forward to seeing your commencement number. Three issues a term is a splendid record for a school of the size of A. U. H. S. We like your cover but would suggest that the name of the journal ought to appear on it. In your last number we notice a great improvement in the arrangement of material. The appearance might be still further improved by leaving more space between stories; you will find this gives "tone" to the paper.

"Alpha," Oroville—Keep the ads out of the front of the paper. With this one exception the appearance of your paper is very pleasing.





ATHLETICS.

Track.

The track team began to turn out for spring training about the first of March. Although interrupted by frequent rains that kept the track in a poor condition, the boys trained hard to get in form for the early meets. Last term the prospect for a strong track team was not very encouraging; but the return to school of Rogers and Buck and the good showing made by the freshmen, Burton and Holt, made things a little brighter.

On March 13th, a three-cornered meet was held on our track with teams representing Antioch and Benicia High Schools. We managed to win the meet with a safe margin of points, but Benicia with a fast team kept us in doubt until late in the day. It was Antioch's first field day so that team was not a dangerous contender. Of our men, Rogers showed good form and speed, easily winning the 50 and 100 yard dashes and the broad jump. Killingsworth showed class by winning four first places, the high jump, pole vault, and both hurdle events. Burton, the freshman, was the surprise of the day, easily winning the mile in fast time. Hartley captured points in all three sprints. Buck showed up well in the distances and Holt and Fry in the jumps. And we didn't lose Vacaville's reputation for turning out a speedy relay team, as we won that event with over fifty yards to spare.

After this we tried to arrange for meets with Sacramento and with Armijo, but the difficulty in agreeing on dates kept these contests from taking place; so our second, and last, field day was the annual meet of the Solano County Athletic League, held at Vallejo April 24th.

We entered this meet with a team of but four men—Rogers, Hartley, Buck and Killingsworth. All our other athletes failed to come up to the requirements of the Principal's agreement, and were consequently not qualified to take part. Our small team was still further handicapped by Hartley's accident. He strained his ankle in training, but attempted to run the 220 and came out of the race with a broken ankle. After this, of course, we had to withdraw from the relay, which had been generally conceded to us. Rogers won second place

in the 50 and 100 yard dashes, and Killingsworth won third place in the pole vault. These seven points constituted our total score.

Boys' Basketball.

This year we added basketball to our list of boys' sports. After the S. C. A. L. meet, there were a few weeks of practice and on May 14th we had our game with Antioch on their court. We were beaten by a score of 32-9. Our poor showing can be partly attributed to the fact that we played on a slippery floor after all our practice had been on an out-door court.

The team was as follows: Killingsworth and Rogers, forwards; Burton, center; Buck (captain) and Spear, guards; Holt, substitute.

While our initial endeavor in this line was not marked with success, we feel that we have made a step in the right direction. A smaller number of players is required for basketball than for other games, and that is a big point in its favor in a small high school like V. H. S., where we always have difficulty in finding enough men to make up our teams. We can often have a basketball team when no other is possible.

Girls' Basketball.

The high school girls have taken a lively interest in basketball this season and have won well-merited success. They practiced faithfully and developed the essential point—team work. This in itself went a long way toward winning for them their three victories.

The first game of the season was played March 27th, with the Armijo girls on their court at Fairfield. We won this game very easily with a score of 68-3. It is only just to say that the Armijo girls had never played a game with another school before and knew very little of the fine points of the game.

The second game was played with Winters on their court the following Saturday. We all expected a very exciting and hotly contested game, as we had a tie game with Winters last season. But this proved to be another easy victory, the final score being 18-3 in our favor.

The third and last game of the season was played with Vallejo on the home court April 10th. This proved to be by far the hardest game. In most respects the teams were quite evenly matched but our superior team work gave us an advantage and we won a hard fought game by a score of 10-8.

In all the games our team was as follows: Ruby Larose and Belle Hagerly, goals; Pearl Larose and Rhoda Buckingham, guards; Esther Sharpe, Hazel Duncan, and Elise Buckingham, centers.

We wish to take advantage of this opportunity to offer our sincere thanks to Miss Pitcher for the interest she has displayed in our playing. We realize that it was not always a pleasure to come out in the hot sun and criticise our repeated mistakes, and we do appreciate the sacrifices of her own time and comfort she made in our interest. Without doubt, we may attribute our success to her instructive coaching.



Loraine—"Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him!"

Erma—"Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something."

★ ★ ★

"Make yourself at home," growled the old man; "you won't make anything of yourself at college."—Ex.

★ ★ ★

POOR JAKE!

He thought he'd propose at his ease,
So devotedly fell on his knees;
But I think that he quenched her
Love when he drenched her,
For just then he happened to sneeze.

★ ★ ★

Hotel Clerk—"Do you want a room with a bath?"

Laurens—"Wa-al, no-o, I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night."

★ ★ ★

"This joke is rather far-fetched," remarked the editor of the ULATIS as he compared the contribution on his desk with the original in the Harvard Lampoon.

★ ★ ★

"Roland is a splendid talker, isn't he?"

"One of the finest I ever escaped from."

★ ★ ★

Belle—"He said he could read my face like a book."

Leonard—"Lots of local color, I suppose."

The spelling went along smoothly in the Commercial Room till an exclamation came from Laurens, who said that the words were being given too fast. Going back over a few words, Miss Moise asked: "Have you got 'dyspepsia'?" Laurens answered that he would consult his doctor after school.

★ ★ ★

Lorraine (in Physics)—"Steam is water gone crazy with the heat."

★ ★ ★

He stood on the bridge at midnight
Interrupting my sweet repose;
He was a tall mosquito,
The bridge was that of my nose.—Ex.

★ ★ ★

Lorraine W. (during a Physics ex.)—"Oh, I've forgotten to answer the "b" part of that question!"

Miss Pitcher—"Well, people who don't watch out for b(ees)s usually get stung."

★ ★ ★

Snappy music—a rubber band.

★ ★ ★

ORIGINAL WITH MISS MOISE.

Question—Did the first chicken come from the egg, or the first egg from the chicken?

Answer—The first chicken came from the egg and the first egg from the egg plant.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Penfield (catching Clarence B. crowing like a rooster)—"Clarence, report to me at 3:15 for using foul language on the school premises."

★ ★ ★

Clyde M. (in Ancient History class)—"Aristides was ostrich-eyed." (He probably meant "ostracized.")

★ ★ ★

A pen may be pushed, but a pencil must be lead.

★ ★ ★

'12—"I got a zero in Algebra today."

'11—"That's nothing!"

'12—"What's nothing?"

'11—"Zero."

★ ★ ★

Roland—"You twins are inseparable!"

Ruby—"That depends on your efforts."

★ ★ ★

Roland H. (in Physics)—"The resistance of the conductor is proportional to the strength of the motor man."

Marian White was walking one day with her big sister, when she saw for the first time a dachshund. Like all dogs of that sort his body was long and his legs very short.

Marian gazed at him with wide open eyes for a moment, then said excitedly: "Oh, sister, sister, look at that queer doggy with legs on each corner of him! Was his legs once long, sister, and did they get wore down by him using them so much?"

★ ★ ★

Mabel C.—"What is the rest of the quotation, 'Truth is mighty'?"

Hazel D.—"Scarce, I guess."

★ ★ ★

A boy, a book,
A girl, a look;
Books neglected,
Flunk expected.—Ex.

★ ★ ★

Elise B. (reciting in M. and M. History)—"It was just after the war, and the men who were killed had not recovered from the blow."

★ ★ ★

OH, MARIE!

"My child," her father's voice was stern,

"You now must tell me true;

What time did the student go away

Who last night called on you?"

Said she, "Oh, father dear, the truth

I'm quite prepared to state.

Fat—Mr. Killie—went away

Before a quarter of eight."

Her father turned away; she smiled;

Her dimples deeper grew;

"It wasn't wrong to tell him that,

For a quarter of eight is two!"

★ ★ ★

Laurens K.—"I've never been out of California."

Leonard B.—"Why, you've been to Elmira, haven't you?"

★ ★ ★

Freshman—"Papa, what is a 'board of education'?"

Father—"When I went to school it was a shingle."—Ex.

★ ★ ★

Here's to our parents and our teachers—may they never meet!

★ ★ ★

Heard in Algebra—The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on the shoulder. "Say," she whispered, "is my numerator on straight?"

Sorrowful Sarina Simmons.

A MODERN HUMAN INTEREST NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.

Sorrowful Sarina Simmons sat silently sewing seven separate stitches down the side of her sea-green skirt. Swithout the stars twinkled fitfully (whenever the stage-hands remembered to twinkle them).

Sarina was thinking! (Five pages of Sarina's thoughts are here left out for the benefit of the reader.)

CHAPTER II.

Suddenly the loud alarm of fire rang out, and the wild dash of the fire engines was heard reverberating down the long and deserted street.

Sarina rose with a scream, only to find her sole means of escape cut off by the ravenous flames, which seemed to be reaching out for her with eager arms. She shrank back terror-stricken against the window casement and dumbly awaited her fate.

CHAPTER III.

In the next ten minutes the flames made rapid inroads on the house. Sarina could already feel their hot tongues as they slowly crept toward her. Suddenly there was a crash and the window was broken in. Sarina fainted, but the brave young man who had thus cleverly forced his way into the burning pandemonium, reached in and, grasping her, drew her forth, then carried her across the lawn to a secure and sheltered spot, where he gently and gradually lowered her languid form.

CHAPTER IV.

Sarina went to live a few blocks away, with her mother, after her father's house was burned.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Doem, Sarina's gallant and heroic rescuer, called often.

CHAPTERS VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII, XIV, XV and XVI are omitted, as they relate only to the frequent visits which Mr. Doem paid Sarina and the warm feeling which sprang up between them.

CHAPTER XVII.

Taking her lily white lunch-hook in his and gazing with earnest adoration into the depths of her starlike orbs he pleaded, "Oh, fairest flower, forever fair and faithful, will you not be my ownest one, my queen, the light of my home, the sharer of my joys and pocketbook, the sweet abettor and companion of my

domestic bliss, the priceless jewel in my crown of conjugal happiness, the ruler of my home, in short, my darling wife?"

Just then Sarina's pa and ma rushed in and booted Mr. Doem (at least her pa did) from the house out.

CHAPTERS XVIII-XXXIV.

Sarina—"Oh, cruel, cru-el fate."

Mr. Doem—"I will have his daughter and will have revenge."

CHAPTER XXXV.

The night was dark and stormy. The wind was shrieking around the corners, and the rain was drenching the one occupant of the street. This man crouched deep in the shelter of a doorway. Upon closer observation we might have been able to recognize in him our friend, Mr. Doem.

Presently a footstep was heard, and Sarina's father was seen approaching, with head ducked against the biting storm. With a wild cry Doem rushed out with upraised knife upon his unsuspecting victim.

[Continued on Page 53.]

★ ★ ★

Teacher—"How do you translate 'Rex fugit'?"

Dull Boy—"The king flees."

Teacher—"But in what other tense may 'fugit' be found?"

Dull Boy—"Oh, er- perfect."

Teacher—"And how would you translate it, then?"

Dull Boy—"I dun-no."

Teacher—"Why, put a 'has' in it."

Dull Boy—"Oh, I see; 'The king has fleas!'"—Ex.

★ ★ ★

Teacher—"How would you punctuate this sentence: 'I saw a beautiful girl going down the street'?"

Student—"I would make a dash after the girl."—Ex.



A Handfull of Kodak Films

will tell the story of your summer vacation. The Kodak itself slips into the pocket, and the picture-making is simple from start to finish. Press the button—do the rest—or leave it to another—just as you please. Kodaks from \$5 to \$100.

Reid Drug Company

Marie—"I heard you singing as I passed your house this morning."
 Charles—"Oh, I sing a little to kill time."
 Marie—"You have a splendid weapon."

Shippers and Packers California Deciduous Fruits

PIONEER FRUIT CO.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

J. L. KIDD, Agent.

E. H. REAM
The Busy Grocer
 Purveyor to Good Livers

Martin Restaurant
 Serves Regular Dinner for 25c.
 Fresh Fish for Sale Wednesdays and Fridays.

CRYSTAL BROS. CO.

The Big Country Store



STILL SELLING

Dry Goods

Clothing

and Shoes

AT CITY PRICES

SPECIAL OUTFITTERS FOR BOYS

"I'm living in Providence now."

"Are you?"

"No, R. I."

Ulatis Barber Shop

W. FRANK DEAKIN, Prop.

The High School Boys' Headquarters for all Tonsorial Work.

Mrs. C. P. Angell

DEALER IN

Ladies' Furnishing Goods, Art Materials, Ribbons, Notions.

PATRONIZE

OUR

ADVERTISERS

City Meat Market

ATTKISSON & PARDI, Props.

Highest
Market
Price



Paid for
Choice
Live Stock

Choice Beef, Mutton, Veal and Pork

For Men's Togs

GO TO

SCHAEFER'S

Pinkham & McKevitt

German orator (in the heat of the campaign)—“Put as for me, mine frients, dere is only von course, unt dat is forwart, for I haf purnt my pritches behind me!”

GO TO

EDSTROM'S

FOR

The Best Ice Cream and Cold Soda

Grand Theater

MOVING PICTURES

AND

ILLUSTRATED SONGS

Nightly Performance.

Admission 10c.

NEIL BROS.

Carriage, House

and Furniture &

PAINTING

H. P. TATE**LAWYER**

AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Careful attention given to all legal business

DR. L. C. MARSHALL**DENTIST**Office in Masonic Temple. Office hours: 9 a. m.
to 12 m., 1 to 5 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

Office phone, 363.

Residence, 323.

Vacaville Fruit Company

GREEN AND DRIED**F R U I T S**VACAVILLE : : : : : CALIFORNIA

Miss Pitcher (in Geometry)—“How did you come to that conclusion?”

Leslie S.—“That is the result of the cholera.”

Avory F.—“Don't be alarmed, Miss Pitcher, he means the corollary.”

Reporter Publishing Co.

**PRINTERS &
PUBLISHERS**VACAVILLE : : CALIFORNIA

This Publication Was Printed at Our Office. Let Us Do Your Work.

TELEPHONE, MAIN 311

AKERLY'S**The Leading Grocer** **VACAVILLE, CAL.**

See the Point?

Continually harping on any subject
 earns one the reputation of being a
 crank.

THAT IS US.

Our eccentricity now is
 VALUES AND SERVICE.

These are demonstrated daily to
 those who patronize our store, and we
 are desirous of showing those who
 don't know us how cranky we are.

Vacaville Drug Company

POINT OF THE HUTTON TRIANGLE

Miss C. (in History)—“Who wrote the unwritten constitution?” (And she
 wondered what made them laugh).

J. & I. BLUM

Dealers, Packers and Shippers

OF

DRIED FRUITS

Connections in Principal
 Cities of the United States

Main Office and
 Warehouses Vacaville, Cal.

\$1—Order a Box of Solano Soda—\$1

Twenty-four bottles in a box, assorted flavors.

All kinds of carbonated beverages.

SOLANO SODA WORKS

G. B. LAROSE, Proprietor. Phone 125.

 Agent for Jackson's Napa Soda and Cook's Mineral Water. 

GO TO

GEO. A. ARNOLD'S

—FOR—

SHOES OR A SUMMER SUIT

Central Meat Market

Main Street, Vacaville.



LAWRENCE & LAWRENCE : Props.

FLY NETS
SUMMER DUSTERS
WAGON UMBRELLAS
HARNESS, SADDLERY
BUGGIES and WAGONS

AT

**Triebel's
Harness House**

Teacher—"To whom were you talking?"

Nathan H.—"Nobody."

Teacher—"Don't talk to yourself so much, Nathan."

Miss A. McMurtry

Vacaville's Most ❀ ❀

Up-to-Date Dressmaker

LADIES!

Get your Summer Millinery

from

Jessie G. Hay

and you will be well pleased.

One Pair of Eyes

To a lifetime, and still you neglect and abuse them. YOUR EYES MAY NEED ATTENTION! Every day's delay means added danger to your health and eyesight.

I provide glasses to meet every defect of vision and my charges are moderate. No charge for examination.

T. L. HEWITT, Jeweler and Optician.

E. M. WILLIAMS

High-Grade Candies
Ice Cream Parlor ❄

AGENCIES—

Edison Phonographs
Victor Talking Machines
Patrick & Co. Rubber Stamps

HUTTON BLOCK

VACAVILLE

Automobiles

will not overheat if
you use Monogram
Cylinder Oil.

FOR SALE AT

Nay Bros'. Garage

**LIGHT BY
ELECTRICITY**

Vacaville Water and Light Co.

F. COSTELLO

Finest Equipped
Blacksmith Shop
in Solano County

There is something we hope none of our advertisers or subscribers will forget. To us it is necessary in our business. We are modest and do not wish to speak of it.

EARL FRUIT COMPANY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$250,000.00



MAIN OFFICES

Sacramento and Los Angeles, California

BRANCHES

Chicago

New York

Boston

Philadelphia

OPERATING IN

ALL PACIFIC COAST FRUIT DISTRICTS

The Vacaville Mercantile Co.



DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Fay W.—“Charlie, can you tell me who Shylock was?”

Charles R.—“What! You ask me who Shylock was! Shame on you! Get your Bible and find out.”

SCHROEDER & FRAHM **Hardware Merchants**

CAMPERS' SUPPLIES

FISHING TACKLE

SPORTING GOODS

AND AMMUNITION

ORCHARD TRUCKS

Our Plumbing is the cheapest, when quality is taken into consideration.

You have known us for years; we expect to remain with you. Your patronage solicited.

Vacaville Steam Laundry

AND DRY CLEANING WORKS

☞ We guarantee our Dry Cleaning to suit you. There is no charge if we do not please.

VACAVILLE


CALIFORNIA

Leonard—"Do you believe that money carries infection?"

Erma—"I know I would have a fit if Charlie paid his class dues."

ESTABLISHED 1886

INCORPORATED 1902

Frank H. Buck Company

Capital Stock Paid Up, \$100,000.00

GROWERS AND SHIPPERS OF

California Green and Dried Fruits



VACAVILLE

: : : : :

CALIFORNIA

DR. W. C. JENNEY

VACAVILLE, CAL.

DR. L. TOWSON

DENTIST

Office, Hutton Block. Telephone, Main 391

Hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m.; 1 to 5 p. m.

Always alive to the in-
terests of our customers

GRAY & SON

PHONE 711

**THE
Bank of Vacaville**

VACAVILLE, CAL.

R. D. ROBBINS, President

FRANK H. BUCK, Vice President

EDW. FISHER, Cashier

S. F. ELLISON, Ass't Cashier

"What do you suppose the animals on Noah's ark did for exercise?"

"I suppose they scratched themselves."

"Why should they scratch? There were only two fleas."

Men's Furnisher



F. BISSELL

RADCLIFFE & LAWRENCE

General Blacksmithing ✱

Horseshoeing a Specialty

Robinson's Old Shop, East Main Street

F. B. CHANDLER CO.

LUMBER YARD

PLANING MILL

Vacaville



Winters

VACAVILLE
Heavy Hardware Co

GEO. A. POWERS, Mgr.

Agricultural Implements, Wagons,
 Buggies and Harness.

VACAVILLE - - CALIFORNIA

Geo. H. Sharpe

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

VACAVILLE, CAL.

JOHN HAUGAN

House and Sign Painting
 Paper Hanging ❧ ❧ ❧
 Inside Decorating ❧ ❧
 Samples of Wall Paper

P. O. BOX 161

VACAVILLE

Ulati Stables

All Black Horses But Two

Esther—"Do you believe that ignorance is bliss?"

Belle—"Why?"

Esther—"You seem so happy."

We can live without prose—
 What is prose but a vanity?

We can live without verse—
 What is verse but insanity?

We can live without fiction, or science, or
 fads—

But where is the journal that can live with-
 out ads?

C. R. BUGBEE

Blacksmithing
Wagon-making
General Repairing

Up-to-Date Work by Up-to-Date Workmen

Pioneer Stables

OLDEST AND BEST



All kinds of fine livery at all hours.

Gus Mauer & Co.

Cigars and Tobacco

Loney-Neil Hardw're Co. VIENNA BAKERY

AGENTS FOR THE INSURANCE
SAFETY STOVES

Plumbing, Hardware, Stoves
and Ranges,

PAINT

OIL

GLASS

M. E. Klier, Prop'r.

Bread and Pastry Fresh Every
Morning at 10 o'clock.



SIX LOAVES OF BREAD FOR 25 Cts.

HOT WEATHER IS COMING!

Don't Forget That What You Need More and More
as the Thermometer Rises is

ICE

You Can Get the Coldest Ice From

Phone, Main 271

A. M. STEVENSON, The Ice Man.

We are proud to claim one mathematician for the school. Joe Keyes has discovered a way of multiplying feet by inches and getting pounds.

Club Livery Stables

Davis and Catherine Streets

RIDING AND DRIVING HORSES
AT ALL HOURS

Special Attention to Boarders and Transients

ARTHUR HENSLEY, PROPRIETOR

Phone, Main 60.

Tents!

Tents!

SOLD OR RENTED

— AT —

BOWLES' SECOND-HAND STORE

VACAVILLE, CAL.

THE J. K. ARMSBY CO.

SUISUN, CAL.

Packers and Shippers of the Best Grades of

DRIED FRUITS AND ALMONDS

GORDON S. ARMSBY, Resident Manager

L. E. WOOD, Supervising Manager

Office and Receiving Shed, Pinkham & McKeivitt Warehouse, Vacaville.

W. P. CANTELOW, Agent, Vacaville, Cal.

